

SOLOMON

Warneford

DE *E. Coll. Oxon. & C. C. C.*

MUNDI VANITATE.

P O E M A

MATTHÆI PRIOR Arm. K

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Schol.

O X O N I Æ,

E THEATRO SHELDONIANO,

MDCCXXXIV.

Into the Bath of purest Virtue cast.

Amoy all Life with one contagious Blot.

Lo! Solomon! pursue this Thought no more:

Of thy past Errors recollect the Store

And then weep, that while the Death's Minute

Shall long the Last; shall o'er their Head Minute

Peratures with lavish Hand; She shall proclaim

Thy Crimes alone; and to thy evil Name

Impartial, scatter Damps and Poisons on thy Name

Asking therefore, as who long had dream'd

Much of my Woe, and their Gods standing

From this Abyss of exasperate Vice

Reliev'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to rise;

Again I bid the mournful Goddess write

The fond Pursuit of fugitive Delight:

Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing

And raise from Earth, and lead from Passion, long

Of human Hope by cross Event destroy'd

Of useless Wealth, and Gracels unenjoy'd

Of Lust and Love, with their fantastic Train

Their Willes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.

EGREGIO JUVENI

Godfrido Clarke

ARMIGERO.

HEU! Quæ rupit iter dira malignitas
Fati? Te quianam destituit Salus,

Te flagrante Sciendi

Ardentem, Juvenis, fiti:

Gentes & populos Juraque Gentium

Scrutantem interius, quo melius Tuam

Pulcris moribus ornes,

Firmo pectore protegas?

At quascunque novas transferis plagas,

Veloci poteris lumine cernere

Quantis sæva gravescant

Regum *Sceptra* laboribus.

Quæ

Quæ non Terra docet, quam merito ciet

Questus Musa sagax, dum *Diademata*

Intertexta severis

Curarum stimulis canit?

Quin & Te, Juvenis, Te comites opum

Cingent implicitum Sollicitudines;

Incumbentque volenti

Curæ pro Patriâ graves.

Læto Tu studio, quod Patria expetit

Munus, fortis adi: pectori inhæreat

Libertatis, Honesti,

Virtutisque tenax Amor.

Sic Te *Wiccamicæ* Delicias Domûs,

Spem magnam Populi, longa dies beet,

Læto splendida vultu,

Multis dives honoribus!

23 MR 59

Tui Studiofissimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

S O L O M O N

De MUNDI

V A N I T A T E.

P O T E N T I A:

LIBER TERTIUS.



P O T E N T I A :

LIBER TERTIUS.

ERGO age, Pars Nostræ melior, Vis vivida, vitæ
Fons, Anima ! hoc Ego Te, quæcunq; es, nomine
dignor :

Conscius Ipse Meî per Te, Te pectore toto
Percipio, viresque tuas & munera nosco.

Sed latet, unde Tuî ducas primordia; de Te
Tot Vates diversa canit, diversa Sacerdos.

An Genus obscurum & stirpis vulgare fateris.
Principium, lectæ forsan melioribus orta
Particulis terræ, quæ se certo ordine miscent
Mirifico rerum motu faustoque Atomorum
Concurfu implicitæ: hinc fato statuentem juberis
Corporis ire comes, quem Vitæ cunque colorem
Sortitur; trepidas, audes, ducisque dolores
Gaudiaque, incerto ut sanguis se concitat æstu:
Utque calor magis ardescit, vel frigora torpent,
Læta vixes viridante ævo, languente senescis:

Dum

P O W E R:

THE THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul: I call Thee by that
Name,

Thou busie Thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art;
Since That must needs exist, which can impart.
But how Thou cam'st to be, or whence Thy Spring:
For various of Thee Priests and Poets sing.

Hear'st Thou submiffive, but a lowly Birth?
Some sep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature must beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill;
From Force of Instinct more than Choice of Will;
Conscious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courses of the Blood ordain;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail;

Dum tandem, Socium extremâ vel morte secuta,
 Laberis in fumum tenuesque recedis in auras.

An spiras majora, altâque ab origine stirpem
 Deduci mavis, audisque libentius ignis
 Scintilla ætherii; divinæ Particula auræ,
 Juncta luto vili, nimis arcto fœdere juncta,
 Communi heu fato præscriptum ad temporis orbem
 Per varias comitata vices variosque dolores:
 Ut doceas Hominem opprobriis vel laude moveri;
 Ut Bona vel Mala percipere; & pallore fateri
 Irarum rabiem, aut flammæ sentire pudoris;
 Ut normam vitæ instituas, ducasque fideli
 Consilio; & rerum varius ceu postulat usus,
 Reddas cautum agilemque, & viribus ingeniove
 Nobilites, aptum paci, bellique potentem.
 Dum priscum in cinerem se Pars terrena resolvit,
 Carceris & rumpens cedentia claustra caduci
 It Captiva, hærens paulum & cunctata jacentes.
 Reliquias super, immitis jam faucibus Orci
 Inclusas; mox pennâ agili, indignata teneri,
 Evolat, ætheriamque arcem & sua vindicat astra.

Quicquid eris, quoquo tendis (neque enim omnia cæco
 Scire

Till mingled with thy Partner's latest Breath
Thou fly'ft, diffolv'd in Air, and loft in Death.

Or if Thy great Exiftence would aspire
To Causes more fublime; of Heav'nly Fire
Wer't Thou a Spark ftruck off? a fep'rate Ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with Terreftrial Clay;
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;
To teach it Good and Ill, Difgrace or Fame;
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
As fits the various Courfe of human Age;
'Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
The Captive breaks Her Prifon's mould'ring Walls,
Hovers a-while upon the fad Remains,
Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;
And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go

(Points

Scire Homini fas est) age parvula pectoris hospes,
 Pectoris infanos motus sedantis, ut alta
 Sit Tibi pax; (quoniam inde enascitur improba turba,
 Quæ vitam exagitat, quæ Te distorquet & angit)
 Fac age, quodcunque aggredieris, fac arbitra certum
 Monstret iter Ratio, & fido moderamine ducat.
 Pacati Affectus erroris nube remotâ
 Ardua, pulcra petant: Et Vitam disce ferendo,
 An curis hominum & tanto sit digna labore.

Quæ variis vitæ in gradibus variisque Animantum
 Naturis præstant, conjuncta tenere videmus
 In se Hominem: pecudum sensus, aliumque vigorem
 Plantarum, ætheriæque animæ cœlestia dona.
 Inspice quos pariunt generosa hæc semina fructus,
 Et rebus lætis oppone incommoda vitæ.
 En ut Homo, frustra fato cogente reluctans,
 Protrahitur miser in lucem; auxilii que alieni
 Indigus, in gubus maternis nudulus hæret!
 Utque levis statuit Muliercula, tollitur Infans
 Ejiciturve foras; genitrici languet iniquæ
 Neglectus, morbosve trahit de lacte fœventis.
 Mollis adhuc fragilisque oculus fugit acris lucis
 Tela, diemque novum; infuetam male sustinet auram

(Points which We rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breast,
 Which for Thy Sake from Passions I divest:
 For these, Thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,
 Which hinder Thy Repose, and trouble Life.
 Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
 As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may perswade:
 Be Thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
 And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld
 What thro' the whole Creation has excel'd:
 The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense,
 The Angel's Forecast and Intelligence:
 Say from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows:
 Recount our Blessings, and compare our Woes.
 In it's true Light let clearest Reason see
 The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
 Helpless and Naked on a Woman's Knees
 To be expos'd or rear'd as She may please;
 Feel her Neglect, or pine from her Disease.
 His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;

His

Cor tenerum, multumque tremit, pulsuque frequenti
 Æstuat. Ut variâ perculsus imagine rerum
 Obstupet! ut pavet attonitus! Membra irrequieta
 Luctantem interius prodant augentque dolorem:
 Et gemitu queritur molli lacrymisque misellis,
 Dum nondum fractas voces mutilataque verba
 Effari didicit, quibus intima sensa laborans
 Exprimat, occultosque enarret pectoris æstus.
 Mox ut paulatim affurgit puerilibus annis,
 Garrulitate rudi crepitat, vanosque timores
 Concipit à nugis: cum firma adoleverit ætas,
 Publica scena vocat, populisque frequentibus infert
 Implicitum; longo curarum ibi volvitur orbe;
 Et tacitæ fraudes & aperta pericula cingunt
 Infelix latus: hinc Hostis vindicta ferocis,
 Hinc sævi magis amplexus fallacis Amici.
 Quin facta inquit Populus; laudesque maligno
 Ore filet; minimam gaudet diffundere labem.
 Nec cætu in turpi maculis aspergere famam
 Derisor parcit mordax, quique audet apertis
 Virtutem opprobriis petere, invisamque fateri.
 Si vero his lassus turbis secreta ferarum
 Lustra petat solus, populosque urbesque relinquat;

His Heart assaulted by invading Air,
 And beating fervent to the vital War,
 To his Young Sense how various Forms appear;
 That strike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
 By his Distortions he reveals his Pains;
 He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
 'Till Time and Use assist the Infant Wretch,
 By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
 His Wants in plainer Characters to show,
 And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe,
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years
 To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears:
 To pass the riper Period of his Age,
 Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
 To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,
 To open Dangers, and to secret Snares;
 To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
 And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends.
 His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
 Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill:
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,
 Who in the Scorners', or the Judge's Seat
 Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
 Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;

B

And

Mens tamen umbrarum in latebras tacitosque recessus
 Addit se comitem; innumeris Mens usque secuta
 Turbat Imaginibus: palantemque implicat Error,
 Ceu nemorum ambage illufum; aut torrentis iniqui
 More ruens, rapido premit acrior impete Cura.
 Multa animo verfans, varioque exercitus æstu,
 Dulce miser Socii alloquium defiderat; audit
 Attonitus mæstos faxes ingeminare dolores,
 Seque fugit trepido deferta per avia curfu.

Hinc adeo, variæ quocunque in tramite vitæ,
 Vexamur cæcis animorum Affectibus: atris
 Jam cincti nebulis, cur spem foveamus inanem,
 Fuluros olim meliori lumine Soles?
 Instabiles Hominum Sensus, trepidantia ut Ægri
 Somnia, profiliunt volucres; curfuque citato
 Semper amant amota sequi, fugientiaque ardent
 Arripere: usque adeo, fomni fallacis Imago,
 Spes malefuada levi vigilantes decipit umbrâ.
 Sed flexis post terga oculis, ut dira dolorum
 Agmina respicimus, trepidâ formidine Sensus
 Horrescunt, miseramque viam remeare recufant.
 Accedunt curis curæ, scenâque priori
 Scena superveniens magis & magis atra videtur;

Nec

And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men?
 In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott
 Certain to meet that worst of Evils, Thought;
 Diff'rent Ideas to his Mem'ry brought:
 Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods;
 Impetuous some, as the descending Floods:
 With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,
 No sweet Companion near, with whom to mourn:
 He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
 And from himself the frightened Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path so'er of Life We rove,
 Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
 Vex'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,
 Why seek We Brightness from the Years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,
 Our troubled Thoughts to distant Prospects leap:
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
 For Hope is but the Dream of Those that wake:
 But looking back, We see the dreadful Train
 Of Woes, a new which were We to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the Path again.
 Still adding Grief, still counting from the First;
 Judging the latest Evils still the worst;

Nec mora, nec requies; sed adhuc geminantur eundo,
 Et quæque hora novos usque addit & usque dolores.
 Dum tandem longo curarum pondere cani,
 Otia venantes nequicquam, effætaque membra
 Jam fracti, laceræ vitium commune senectæ
 Ploramus, miroque volubilis ordine vitæ
 Ad stadium infantile rotante revertimur ævo.
 Discimus hinc quid Vita hominum est; hesternæ recentes
 Protulit ex utero nudos, nudosque sepulcro
 Craftina Lux referet; nempe hæc ad munera natos,
 Luctu animam vexare, & tædia ferre, Morique.

Quid varias memorem clades, quibus Ille laborat,
 Quas timet Hic, capiti misero jam jamque minantes?
 Quid deformem Ursam, rabidumque per arva Leonem
 Graffantem, sparsas pecudes, cæsumque magistrum:
 Obscuras nemorum ambages, fluviosque profundos,
 Pendentisque immane minaci vertice rupes?
 Quid Pestem indomitam, quæ late incedit aperto
 Marte furens, medioque die spatiata per auras
 Diffundit mortem populis: Tacitamve Sagittam,
 Obscurâ quæ nocte levi secat æthera lapsu,
 Atra venena trahens, pallentesque inficit umbras.

Sæpe

And sadly finding each progressive Hour
 Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r:
 'Till by one countless Sum of Woes oppress'd,
 Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Rest,
 We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:
 Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn;
 Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return;
 Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
 We yesterday came forth; that in the Tomb
 Naked again We must To-morrow lye,
 Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Pass We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
 The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;
 The Bear, the Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
 The Sheepfold scatter'd, and the Shepherd slain;
 The frequent Errors of the pathless Wood,
 The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
 The noisome Pest'lence, that in open War
 Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
 And scatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
 Cuts the dank Mist, and fatal wings it's Flight;

The

Sæpe unà densæque nives imbresque coacti
 Se glomerant, altisque à montibus agmine facto,
 Præcipiti lætas populantur gurgite valles.
 Sæpe etiam nitidis vermes genus omne voraces
 In campis dominantur, & occupat undique plenas
 Hospes edax fruges; vanas incusat aristas
 Agricola, atque inopi marcescit languidus anno.

Quid lentos referam morbos, acresque dolores,
 Qui carpunt fragiles repetitis ictibus artus?
 Sanguineo ut cursu laceratos Calculus asper
 Excruciat renes! ut aquoso frigidus humor
 It capite, absumens cunctanti tabe vigorem,
 Et vitæ fontem paulatim exhaurit eundo!
 Quas Febris calor indomitus, quas fæva Podagra
 Exercet furias! longoque ut debilis ævo
 Obruitur Natura; atque omnibus atra Senectus
 Una malis gravior, claudo pede languida repit:
 Dum gemitum assiduum & longos finire dolores
 Mors venerata negat; lectoque abscedit acerbo
 Surda Quies, vanos misereri nescia planctus.

Nequicquam egregiæ Virgo pulcherrima formæ
 Languenti dare blanda Seni solatia quærit;

Cum

The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
 That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store,
 And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;
 The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,
 Canker or Locust hurtful to infect
 The Blade; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
 And Eminence of Want distinguishes the Year.

Pass we the slow Disease, and subtil Pain,
 Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain;
 The cruel Stone, with congregated War
 Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh,
 With frequent Impulse, and continu'd Strife,
 Weak'ning the wasted Seats of irksome Life;
 The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Feaver's Rage,
 The sad Experience of Decay; and Age,
 Her self the forest Ill; while Death, and Ease,
 Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appease,
 Or end the Grief, with hasty Wings recede
 From the vex'd Patient, and the sickly Bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming Fair,
 Angelic, softest Work of Heav'n, draws near

To

Cum tremula incerto quatitur, jam non sua, motu
 Dexterâ; nec domini votis respondet, amoris
 Impar officiis, placidi neque conscia tactus.
 Nil faciet pulsata chelys, nil dulcia quondam
 Fila lyræ; nec molle melos, nec læta juvabit
 Fabula, cum celeri jam volvier agmine sanguis
 Destitit, auriculæque ingrato frigore torpent.
 Mons viridi hîc surgit clivo, Vallisque nitentem
 Ridet picta finum, quem lucidus alluit amnis:
 Illic cæruleos fluctus canentia volvunt
 Æquora, splendidulæque micant in littore testæ:
 Sed varios frustra miscet Natura colores,
 Cum languent hebetatæ acies, oculosque natantes
 Atra premit nubes. Abeunti nocte refulget
 Alma dies: spissi descendunt largius imbres,
 Seque iterum scindunt nebulae & diffunditur æther.
 At Vetulum extincto palantem lumine nullæ
 Jam poterunt recreare Vices; non aurea Solis
 Lampas, non Lunæ nitor, & quæ plurima cœlo
 Stellula scintillat, miserum solantur; iniqua
 Nox cingit, tristesque urgent sine fine tenebræ.

En! ubi succumbit sævæ miseranda Senectæ
 Victima! languentes oculos, dextramque trementem
 Aspice!

To the cold shaking paralytic Hand,
 Senseless of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
 Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
 The Dictates of it's feeble Master's Will.
 Nought shall the Pfaltry, and the Harp avail,
 The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale;
 When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
 And numbing Coldness has unbrac'd the Ear.
 The verdant Rising of the flow'ry Hill,
 The Vale enamell'd, and the Crystal Rill,
 The Ocean rolling, and the shelly Shore,
 Beautiful Objects, shall delight no more;
 When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
 In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffusion lye.
 Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
 After the falling of the later Rain:
 But to the Aged-blind shall ne'er return
 Grateful Vicissitude: He still must mourn
 The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
 Eclips'd to Him, and lost in everlasting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
 See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:

Aspice! ut infirmos quatit æger anhelitus artus!
 Sensibus obrepunt incerti Oblivia somni,
 Solaque percipitur per acutos Vita dolores.

Tempore prædanti cedent argentea vitæ
 Vincula, diffilientque; ruet volventibus annis
 Urna levis, longoque ævo labefacta peribit.
 Scilicet hæc fati lex est: moriemur honoris
 Expertes, & vana erimus sine nomine turba.
 Usque aliam ex aliâ stirpem manet exitus idem;
 Gens cadit hæc; nova surgit, abit, sequiturq; priorem;
 Ævi quæque brevis, terrâque exorta parente,
 Mox reditura iterum in veteris primordia terræ.

Sed vultu eniteat meliori Scena; coronet
 Alma salus Hominem, & lætos vigor excitet artus.
 En! vix exsuperans operosæ longa diei
 Tædia, fessus adit jam sole cadente penates:
 Sole oriente iterum prodit; labor usque recurrit,
 Arcentique famem & vitam sudore merenti
 Perpetuum redeunte die redit actus in orbem.
 Forfitan ad noctem reduci spectacula præbet
 Atra domi moriens puer, aut viduata marito

Filia:

Frequent for Breath his panting Bosom heaves:
 To broken Sleeps his remnant Sense He gives;
 And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the silver Cord
 Dissever'd lies: unhonor'd from the Board
 The Crystal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
 And apter Utenfils their Place supply.
 These Things and Thou must share One equal Lot;
 Dye and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
 While still another, and another Race
 Shall now supply, and now give up the Place.
 From Earth all came, to Earth must all return;
 Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of these Ills suppress'd:
 And view we Man with Health and Vigor blest.
 Home He returns with the declining Sun,
 His destin'd Task of Labour hardly done;
 Goes forth again with the ascending Ray,
 Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
 And find the Ill sufficient to the Day.
 Haply at Night He does with Horror shun
 A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:

Filia: Vicinum cras luxuriante beatum
 Prole videt, nudusque sibi magis inde videtur.
 Utque dies pergunt, lacrymabile funus Amici
 Ducitur, hostilisve occurrit pompa triumphi:
 Quo se cunque ferat miser, aut Mala publica turbant
 Sollicitum, aut proprii laris Infortunia tangunt:
 Virtutis claræ meritis haud præmia solvi
 Digna videt; læsamque fidem & temerata pudici
 Jura tori queritur, pravo sub Judice litem
 Protractam, inversasque haud æquo Interprete leges;
 Aut nigras fraudes Magnatum & turpia damnat
 Arcana imperii, arbitriumque immane Potentum;
 Mordacemve dolet linguam, quam pectore cauto
 Nec fugiat Sapiens, monitis nec frænct amicis.

Hæccine credantur casu volvente sinistro
 Enasci Mala? num pariunt vaga Semina motu
 Confuso implicita; an potius fert ordine certo
 Lex stabilis fati, rerumque immobile fædus?
 Quin age, si poteris, nodum mihi Musa resolve;
 Anne, inquam, casu eveniunt, fatone jubenti?
 At quacunque genus ducunt de stirpe, catenis
 Heu miseram involvunt animam, variasque coactam
 In partes rapiunt, & mille timoribus urgent;

Atra,

His Neighbor's Off-Spring He To-morrow sees;
 And doubly feels his Want in their Increase:
 The next Day, and the next he must attend
 His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friends:
 In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
 Publick Calamities, or Household Ills;
 The due Reward to just Desert refus'd,
 The Trust betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd,
 The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cause,
 And doubtful Issue of misconstru'd Laws.
 The crafty Turns of a dishonest State,
 And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:
 The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
 Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Esteem We these, my Friends, Event and Chance,
 Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring Dance?
 Or higher yet their Effence may We draw
 From destin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
 Again my Muse, the cruel Doubt repeat:
 Spring they, I say, from Accident, or Fate?
 Yet such, We find, they are, as can controll
 The servile Actions of our wav'ring Soul;

Atra, severa Cohors, quibus anxio Vita laborat,
Ingens ipsa Malum, & mater fecunda Malorum.

Usque adeo vexatur adhuc, blandumque levamen
Venatu affiduo frustra mens anxio quaerit;
Sperat adhuc, multi post tædia longa laboris,
Post tot sollicitos requiescere suaviter annos;
Vana voluptatis simulacra attingere posse
Exoptat; vitæque aliud dictante magistrâ,
Quod nusquam est avidè petit, & sibi somnia fingit
Lætitiæ, miseris sine fine exercita curis.

Felix, qui vallem lacrymarum umbrasque doloris
Extremas superans, tandem vestigia fixit;
Qui longi attingens cursûs spatia ultima, durum
Deposuit pondus, placidâque in morte quievit;
Quem sculpti vultus atque æra incisa fatentur
Jam vitam comitumque agmen superasse Malorum.
Hic felix magis, & natus melioribus astris,
Qui spatium peragit brevius, premiturque minori
Pondere; quem vitam jam primum haurire recentem
Una dies, haustamque effundere proxima cernit.
Ille autem longè ante alios felicior omnes,

Qui

Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
 Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
 Still press'd with Weight of Woe, still hopes to find
 A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
 From Years of Pain, one Moment of Release;
 Hoping at least She may Her self deceive,
 Against Experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at last
 Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry past;
 Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on
 The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
 Whom the cut Brass, or wounded Marble shows
 Vict'or o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes.
 He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
 To shorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,
 Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
 Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
 But O! beyond Description happyest He,
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;

Alas

Who

Qui vixdum matris penitus formatus in alvo
 Occidit ante diem; qui nunquam è carcere vitæ
 Profiluit; neque prima etiam certaminis intrans
 Tædia, (præcipuo fatorum munere) solis
 Nescivit lucem, & varios sub sole labores.

“Parce gravis nimium Cenfor! cur tam aspera tradis
 “Dogmata? cur adeo vitæ genus omne severis
 “Legibus includas? quid Fasces, Splendor, Opesque?
 “Nonne Opibus pax alma datur; non Purpura Reges,
 “Victoresque beat Decus immortale superbos?

Tota, inquam, similes subit undique vita procellas,
 Sollicito jactata metu trepidoque tumultu.

“Ergone per terras nusquam Pax ridet; & omnis
 “Scena venenati patitur contagia luctûs?

Nulla usquam, Pax nulla --- age, conscia Musa, dolores
 Pande nimis veros; sublimius exere vocem
 Mæsta sonaturam: sed vos procul ite, Profani,
 Dum plectro graviore canam, sociandaque magnis
 Verba loquar chordis, vulgi minus auribus apta.
 “O mentes Hominum illusas! Formidine mortis,

Affi-

Who with blest Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb,
Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the Tomb. }
Who breaths, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And He alone is blest'd, who ne'er was born.

"Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:
"Are not these general Maxims too severe?
"Say: cannot Pow'r secure it's Owner's Bliss;
"And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
"Are Victors blest'd with Fame, or Kings with Ease?" }

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
And Man was born to suffer, and to fear.

"But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
"From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain:
But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:
Ye still must covet Life, and be deceiv'd:

D

Your

Affiduis fitietis adhuc extendere votis
 Sæcula, & optatam vitæ captabitis umbram,
 Sperantes supereffe diu, famâque perenni
 Partem aliquam sævo ereptam servare sepulchro :
 Utque olim memorum gratâ sub mente nepotum
 Spiretis, celsas nitidasque parabitis ædes,
 Grandiaque ingenti condetis scripta labore.
 Spes vanæ! labor effusus! labentibus annis
 Ipsæ ædes fato vigilataque pagina cedent.
 O moniti toties! & adhuc res mira videtur,
 Prætereunte ævo vasti membra omnia mundi
 In sedes migrare alias, aliasque figuras,
 Et revoluta novis nova nomina ducere formis?

Musa modos revoca ---- Vanâ usque illudimur umbrâ
 Lætitiæ: affiduos fortitur Vita dolores.

Quid tandem pacis Sapientis nomen inane,
 Quid Procerum dat honos? quid purpura Judicis, alti
 Quid Regum tituli? -- En Regem sub pondere vasto
 Sudantem imperii! sævo nunc auctus honore,
 Surgit ad ingentes populi pro pace labores;
 Nunc ruit infelix malesanæ victima plebi.

Your very Fear of Death shall make Ye try
 To catch the Shade of Immortality;
 Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save
 Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;
 To those who may survive Ye, to bequeath
 Something entire, in spite of Time, and Death;
 A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
 And in a Book, or from a Building live.
 False Hope! vain Labor! let some Ages fly,
 The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye:
 Wretches, still taught, still will Ye think it strange
 That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;
 Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
 And lose their Shape, their Essence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
 Our Lot is Sorrow; and Our Portion Pain.

What Pause from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
 The Name of Wise or Great, of Judge or King?
 What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
 The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
 Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease;
 Now falls a Victim to the People's Ease:

Agmen adulantum primis comitatur ab annis,
 Et tenera infinuat fallax in corda venenum:
 Usque domi cingit, domino blandita potenti,
 Serva cohors, maculasque aliis aspergere prona.
 Egrediturne foras? numerofo milite cinctus
 Incedit, magnaue latus ftipante caterva,
 Innumeras fraudes fe formidare fatetur;
 Ipsaque follicitos teftatur pompa timores.
 Sit quanquam illuftris bello, fit pectore fortis,
 Arte valens; dubiis fortunæ cafibus anceps
 Volvitur, ambiguo illufus certaminis æftu,
 Afperaque incertam fequitur per tædia palmam.

Sed redit infigni redimitus tempora lauro,
 Vota foluturus cœlo folennia; curru
 Sublimi fedet excelfus, vinctique fequuntur
 Pone Duces; fremitus effufaque gaudia mifcent
 Turba falutantum, plaufuque ad fydera tollunt.
 Quæ tamen hæ pompæ! quæ gloria! nempe tumultum
 Plebs agitat confufa, fremitque ignobile vulgus.
 It captiva Cohors, miferâ fub imagine Martem
 Ancipitem oftendens, & quæ fors craftina belli
 Alea victori meditatur fata fuperbo.

From the first blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
 Nourish'd in Flattr'y, and estrang'd from Truth:
 At Home furrounded by a servile Crowd,
 Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud:
 Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
 His very State acknowledging his Fears:
 Marching amidst a thousand Guards, He shows
 His secret Terror of a thousand Foes;
 In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
 To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave:
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies;
 Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But He returns with Conquest on his Brow;
 Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow:
 The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
 The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde
 Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride. }
 What is this Triumph? Madness, Shouts, and Noise,
 One great Collection of the People's Voice.
 The Wretched he brings back, in Chains relate,
 What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.

The

Ipsa etiam spolia & ductæ longo ordine prædæ
 Ostentant laceras Gentes, & publica damna,
 Damna olim fortasse in se ruitura, suosque.
 Nonne dolet, recolens tot merfos funere acerbo
 Heroas, magni quos pectoris ardor honestam
 Impulit in mortem; qui nuper gloria campi
 Insignes fulsere, feris nunc præda relictæ
 Alitibusque jacent? Heu splendet flebile laurus,
 Tot Matrum lacrymis, tot sanguine sparsa Virorum.

En ubi quadrijugos elatus Marte secundo
 Victor agit, densâ mirantum inhiante catervâ!
 Si tantos inter fremitus festique triumphæ
 Lætitiâ undantem, secum si pauca volutet,
 Ipsi successus auditaque Vota docebunt,
 Quam levis instabilisq; hominum, quam lubrica vita est.

Axe tonans rapido multoque in pulvere fervens,
 An curas supra evehitur? nulline timores,
 Nullane suspicio turbat, levitasque popelli
 Cognita; num stridor lituûm clangorque tubarum
 Exsuperat misero luctantes corde dolores?
 Intus Naturæ vox importuna fatigat,

The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, show
 National Loss, and Epidemic Woe,
 Various Distress, which He and His may know.
 Does He not mourn the valiant Thousands slain;
 The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
 Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
 Or the Wolfe's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
 Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
 Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
 See Millions crowding round the gilded Car!
 In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,
 And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,
 One Moment and one Thought might let Him scan
 The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,
 And Popular Change, obscur'd a-mid the Dust,
 That rises from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
 Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel
 The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
 Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the Noise;

Tho'

Vox gravis, & nullo populi reprimenda tumultu,
 Quanquam ipsa immani clangore tonitrua vincant.

Volvere sic poterat secum: glomerata faventum
 Turba virum, nostros quæ tollit in astra triumphos;
 Si forte instabiles quatiens Victoria pennas
 Me fugiat, fragilesque hosti decernat honores;
 Illi Turba eadem similes dabit improba plausus,
 Illius ad portas denso sese agmine fundet,
 Et nostras franget statuas inimica, recentis
 Ut domini facies renovato spiret in ære.

O cæcus furor, & dominandi infana libido!
 Ipse Ego, qui populorum hodie super ora superbus
 Evehor, hostilis pompæ pars Ipse feretro
 Cras fortasse trahar, lacerum & deforme cadaver.
 An quisquam interea mirantum ex agmine tanto,
 (Pro pudor!) ingenti jam plausu ante ora frementum,
 Defuncti laudes caneret? quisquamne lavaret
 Vulnera, vel lacrymâ saltem sequeretur inani?
 Aut si ludibrium fortunæ, inhonestaque passus
 Vincula, victoris post currus fordidas irem;
 Mene adeo indecorem, de tot modo millibus Unus
 Nosceret, aut vultu miserum spectaret amico?

Scili-

Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
 Stun the Birds now releas'd, and shake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
 Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praises loud,
 (Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquish'd go;
 Should She depress my Arms, and raise the Foe)
 Would for that Foe with equal Ardor wait
 At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
 With restless Rage would pull my Statues down;
 And cast the Brass a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Desire of Worldly Sway!
 That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
 May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
 Ghastly with Wounds, and lifeless on the Bier!
 Then (Vileness of Mankind!) then of all These,
 Whom my dilated Eye with Labour sees,
 Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great?
 Wash my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hostile Carr,
 The Victor's Pastime, and the Sport of War;
 Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own He was my Friend?

Scilicet egregios præstat Sapientia fructus!
 Cernere dat tristem magis acri lumine scenam,
 Dat fieri ante alios miserum, interiusque dolorum
 Aspera percipere, atque imis haurire medullis.

Scrutemur fastos, veterum quibus alta Parentum
 Facta manent recolenda; omni quæramus ab ævo,
 Siqua unquam effulfit penitus sine nube doloris
 Gloria; si Fasces comitata est pura Voluptas.

Ille Parens hominum primus, mundique recentis
 Indigena, en variis ut cingitur undique coeli
 Muneribus! cui juncta comes pulcherrima Conjux,
 Quem dominum confessa suum, quæcunque capaci
 Orbis alit gremio; vasti sive ætheris oras,
 Seu tractus terrarum habitent, pontumve profundum.
 Sed quales fructus magna hæc promissa tulerunt?
 Heu, vitæ introitu, vix delibata relinquit
 Gaudia! jam primum Paradisi lætus in horto
 Viderat ire diem, cum sede expulsus amænâ
 Per fentes triste urget iter, perque aspera spinis
 Dumeta; hinc victum haud facilem sudore diurno
 Quærere damnatus, longorumque orbe laborum
 Tædia solis iniqua pati, dum debita somni

Dona

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
 To see this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
 To know with more Distinction to complain,
 And have superior Sense in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest Eye,
 Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye;
 And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain,
 Or Pleasure ever may with Pow'r remain.

ADAM, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
 The fairest Blessing to his Arms convey'd,
 A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea and Land,
 And all that move therein, to his Command
 Render'd obedient: say, my Pensive Muse,
 What did these golden Promises produce?
 Scarce tasting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
 One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd;
 Destin'd the next His Journey to pursue,
 Where wounding Thorns, and curst Thistles grew.
 E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
 Inclind to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat must flow:
 His Limbs must ake, with daily Toils oppress'd;

Dona refecturi vires optata ferat Nox.
 Ut focium reputans scelus & memor usque peracti
 Criminis, infauftam uxorem lugubre tuetur,
 Et nimiam heu suadam, nimiosque incusat amores!
 Sæpe horret raucae perculsus imagine vocis,
 Quam reboante recens iterabat in æthere fulmen:
 Sæpe repente tremit, veluti cum fulgura prima
 Arderent cœlo, & Cherubis cum dextra minacis
 Vibraret rutilos irati Numinis ignes!
 Nec mora, quin terrâ exanimis jacet altera proles,
 Primitiæ lethi, & fraternæ victima dextræ:
 Frater fanguineâ famosus cæde, notâque
 Cælitus impressus, patriam fugit impius Erro.
 Cur tamen obruerent miserum mala tanta Parentem,
 Quærere nequaquam Superosve Hominesve deceret.

Turpior affiduè vitiis gravioribus Ætas
 Singula successit; patrium scelus æmula pubes
 Vicit adhuc: tandem ingentes exarsit in iras
 OMNIPOTENS, atque his ora indignantia solvit:
 En formasse hominem Me pænitet! Eripe terris
 Sol lucem! Cœli nigrescite! Vosque capaci
 Ite finu effusæ, collectis viribus, Undæ!

E'er long-wish'd Night brings necessary Rest:
 Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
 He for Her Follies, and His own must grieve:
 Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless Choice;
 His Ear oft frightened with the imag'd Voice
 Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd; oft his View
 Aghast, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
 And the stern CHERUB stop'd the fatal Road,
 Arm'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD.
 His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
 First Fruit of Death, lies Plaintiff of a Wound
 Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldest Birth
 Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
 Yet why these Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
 Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age finn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time;
 The Son still added to the Father's Crime;
 'Till GOD arose, and great in Anger said:
 Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
 Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
 And from your deep Abyss, Ye Waters, rise!

The

Audiwere Undæ Dominum: & mandata secuti
 Effrænes fluctus, nimbique immane furentes
 Subjectas rapido superârunt agmine terras.
 Tradidit intèrea *Noæ* servanda fideli
 Quæ voluit superesse DEUS: naufragia mundi
 Prospexit Pater immunis, victorque tumentes
 Diluvii fremitus ferventiaque æquora sprexit.

Sed Venti posuere, & decrescentibus undis
 Emergit Tellus; pacisque Insigne Columba
 Ore refert placido ramum felicitis Olivæ.
 At *Noæ*, licèt alma fides mærentia firmat
 Pectora, adhuc tacitæ tangunt præcordia curæ;
 Dum post terga videt mundi lugubre sepulchrum,
 Et desolatas communi funere gentes;
 Prospicit inde aliam faciem absimilemque priori
 Surgere, vix relegens veteris vestigia formæ:
 Hic sese in longum extendunt deserta locorum
 Squallida; prærupti hinc tollunt capita aspera montes.
 Vota Pater solvens, media inter sacra frequentem
 Effundit lacrymam, & tacitus meliora precatur;
 Spemque fovet; miseras etiam dum spectat aquarum
 Reliquias, omni ex numero quæis spiritus auræ
 Purior ætheriæ, de tot modo millibus, Octo.

Et

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
 And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
 Tempests and Storms, obedient to his Word.
 Mean time, His Providence to NoAH gave
 The Guard of All, that He design'd to save.
 Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch stood;
 Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall silent; and the Waves decrease:
 The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
 Yet still His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
 Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
 If on the backward World his Views are cast,
 'Tis Death diffus'd, and universal Waste.
 Present (sad Prospect!) can He ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
 The Beauties of the Antient Fabric lost,
 In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coast?
 While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
 Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
 Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and sav'd from Nations
 drown'd;

And

Et tribus è Natis, qui jam spes sola relictæ
 Unde ortum Regna expectarent, prospicit unum
 Fatali fixum opprobrio, nudumque favore
 Divino, æternâque onerantem labe nepotes.

[Amicus,
 Rex quanquam illustis, quanquam OMNIPOTENTIS
 At varios vitæ casus, multosque labores
Abramus subiit; duri discrimina belli
 Pertulit, & cæsis quæsit regna tyrannis:
 Difficili sponsæ subjecit colla; jugoque
 Affuetus, sensit servæ quoque jura superbæ.
 Jam miseram invitæ mæstâ cum prole parentem
 Ejicit, ah! nudam, nemorumque per avia solas
 Quæsituram umbras, & agrestis munera victus:
 Jamque aliud thalami dilectum pignus, & omnem
 Spem senii, ad Moriæ fatalia culmina ducit
 Infelix! puerum heu ferro jugulare cruento
 Cogitur, aut magni contemnere jussa TONANTIS.

Ipsam oculis spectare DEUM data copia *Mosi*:
 Sed qualem vidit? densâ circum undique flammâ,
 Undique inaccesso velatum lucis amictu.
 Lumina sin radios potuissent ferre coruscas;
 Quam brevis hæc, unâ vix nocte morata, Voluptas!

Ille

And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
 The Seed, whence Empires must receive their Birth,
 One He foresees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
 And mark'd with Curses, fatal to his Race.

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
 Of Human Ills must bear the destin'd Load;
 By Blood and Battels must his Pow'r maintain,
 And slay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain;
 Must deal just Portions of a servile Life
 To a proud Handmaid, and a peevish Wife;
 Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
 In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
 Must take his other Child, his Age's Hope,
 To trembling MORIAH's melancholy Top,
 Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
 Destroy his Heir, or disobey his GOD.

MOSES beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
 The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep Abyfs of Light;
 While present, too severe for Human Sight,
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd Night.

Ille autem, tanto quanquam dignatus honore,
 Quot volvit casus, quæ pertulit aspera rerum
 A cunis usque ad tumulum! Jam tum invida nudum
 Pauperies puerum primis invasit ab annis:
 Oppressere senem infidiæ, atque adversa malorum
 Agmina; surrexitque cohors studiosa labores
 Frustrari egregios: quin aspera Turba furore
 Sic Vatem incendit, tabulas ut frangeret amens,
 Quas ipsa æterni signârat Dextra J E H O V Æ.
 Effrænesque Viros cum jam per mille labores
 Duxerat, armorumque vices, perque extera regna;
 Promissa en! tandem fato divisus acerbo
 Littora, jam moriens, heu non sua littora, vidit.

Davidis in vitâ, ut curis longo ordine curæ
 Succedunt! quot iniqua pericula, quotque tumultus!
 Mollis adhuc, tenerâque virens ætate, leoni
 Concurrit rabido, & torvæ ruit obviæ ursæ.
 Nondum annis maturum immanis dextra *Goliæ*
 Aggreditur, tacitique petunt tela invida *Sauli*:
Saulo urgente, fugit super avia lustra ferarum,
 Ardua que ascendit montis juga, seque sub antro
 Occulit, & mortis nequicquam munera poscit.
 Tandem Ipse ad regni surgens fastigia, magnum
Exstitit

The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
 To fierce Encounter, and to toilsome Deed.
 His Youth with Wants and Hardships must engage:
 Plots and Rebellions must disturb his Age.
 Some CORAH still arose, some Rebel Slave,
 Prompter to sink the State, than He to save:
 And ISRAEL did his Rage so far provoke,
 That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.
 His Voice scarce heard, his Dictates scarce believ'd,
 In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
 And dy'd obedient to severest Law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He saw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
 A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood must engage
 The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.
 By various Turns his threaten'd Youth must fear
 GOLIAH's lifted Sword, and SAUL's emitted Spear.
 Forlorn He must, and persecuted fly;
 Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
 And often ask, and be refus'd to dye.
 For ever, from His manly Toils, are known

Exstitit exemplum, quàm sævo pondere sudet
 Majestas, quantosque ferat Diadema labores.
 O qui torquebant ardentia corda dolores,
 Cum gravis hostiles aperiret Numinis iras
 Nuntius! Ut diversa animum exagitabat Imago;
 Triste Viri funus, violatæ injuria Sponsæ,
 Et Puer heu patrium ob crimen nece raptus iniquâ!
 Ut secum horrenda ingemuit, cum regia cladem
 Intulit impietas populis, jussitque Propheta
 Eligere, an pestem cœlo deducere mallet,
 An tolerare famem, aut sævi discrimina Martis!

Occubuit tandem Genitor: precor, ossa quiescant;
 Nulla sacrum fœdâ violare ærugine nomen
 Lingua aufit: quanquam ô, luctantem pectore in ægro,
 Hunc saltem liceat verbis vulgare dolorem:
 Me moriens curis auxit, scelerisque paterni
 Hæredem instituit; jussis me vinxit iniquis
 Devotum mactare caput, cæsoque meorum
 Principe, decreto nova tingere sceptrâ cruore.

Nec mora; continuò juvenili sanguine fervens
 Dira sequor præceps crudelis jussâ Parentis.
 Virtutes patrias celeri vix lumine lustro;

The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguish of a Crown.
 What Tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes;
 When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
 When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
 The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
 The Parent's Sins impress'd upon the dying Child?
 What Heart can think the Grief which He sustain'd;
 When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
 And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
 Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection shed
 It's poy'snous Venom on the Royal Dead:
 Yet the unwilling Truth must be express'd,
 Which long has labor'd in this pensive Breast:
 Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
 He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
 Left his unfinish'd Murder to his Son,
 And JOAB's Blood intail'd on JUDAH's Crown.

Young as I was, I haſted to fulfill
 The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will.
 Of his fair Deeds a diſtant View I took;

But

In vitiis intento oculo juvat usque morari:
 Nec memini, primis ut vitæ prodigus annis
 Protegeret patriam! ut leges venerandaque jura
 Servaret constans! Lætâ sed mente revolvo
 Nequitiis fractum assiduis, turpique solutum
 Pellicis amplexu: fugienda exempla secutus
 Abripior, scelerumque feror declivia præceps
 Per loca, perque atro rorantes sanguine calles,
 Fraudibus affuetus, tranquillo fallere vultu
 Jam potui, mortisque atrocia tela serenus
 Dirigere; hinc oculo fratrem speculatus iniquo,
 Omnia facta viri vestigiaque omnia scrutor,
 (Ambitione odii stimulos aciente) fugamque
 Quærentem frustra tangentemque insequor aras.
 Hic, etiam hic, ipsas (fateor) cecidisset ad aras,
 Ni Timor obstiterat, tumidamque represserat iram.
 Quin do sponte fidem, certus violare; benignè
 Polliceor veniam, atque odiis simul acribus uror.
 Nil lacrymæ gemitusque valent, nil vota precesque;
 Sævus adhuc, tacitumque premens sub corde furorem,
 Blanda malus loquor, & fictâ pace ora sereno:
 Dum tandem prædæ, vi, fraude, potitus, ad aras
 Accedo, testorque DEI venerabile numen,
 Sæva palam intentans deluso funera fratri.

Quæ

But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
 Forgot his Youth, spent in his Country's Cause,
 His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:
 But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
 Broken and old in BATHSHEBA's Embrace;
 Could follow Him, where-e'er He stray'd from Good,
 And cite his sad Example; whilst I trod
 Paths open to Deceit; and track'd with Blood.
 Soon docile to the secret Arts of Ill,
 With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
 Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
 Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways pursue.
 In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
 Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
 Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He should have fell;
 But that my Interest did my Rage conceal.
 Doubling my Crime, I promise, and deceive;
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, Perswasions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
 With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I sustain;
 Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
 'Till of the destin'd Fugitive secure,
 In solemn State to Parricide I rise;
 And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Quæ tamen hinc lacrymæ, quantus dolor! Ut libet
 atrum
 Delere ex animo scelus! Ut prætexere vellem
 Nominibus falsis fraternæ opprobria cædis,
 Alteriusque onerare immani crimine famam!
 Nequicquam heu! gladium si dextra aliena cruentum
 Egerit, imperium Regis dextra illa secuta est:
 Omne meum est; facinus, quod lacryma multa perenni
 Usque fluens cursu vix tandem abstergere possit:
 Hinc solùm, hinc solitam sperat mens conscia pacem,
 Fletibus affiduis, longoque exercita luctu.

Corde adeo trepidante, parum facunda, neque artem
 Ostentans, nostrum veraci carmine Musa
 Opprobrium explicuit, fidâque ingrata tabellâ
 Describens actæ ætatis vestigia, pandit
 Quàm spes vana hominum, quàm vanæ pectora curæ
 Exagitant; primoque à vitæ carcere feram
 Ad metam, quàm nigrum iter est, quàmq; undiq; acerbum!
 Nugarum immensâ hac serie jam pene peractâ,
 Tædia longa querens vitæ, mihi mortis in umbrâ
 Polliceor requiem optatam blandosque recessus:
 Huc metus haud penetrant terrorque; nec atra doloris

Be Witnesses to my Tears, Celestial Muse!
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
 Fraternal Blood by my Direction spilt;
 In vain on JOAB'S Head transfer the Guilt:
 The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
 The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.
 Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
 Years of Contrition must the Crime atone:
 Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
 But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
 Her Love of Truth superior to her Art,
 Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
 The mournful Figures of my Action past:
 The penfive Goddess has already taught,
 How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
 From growing Childhood to declining Age,
 How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
 This Course of Vanity almost compleat,
 Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
 In the still Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
 And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,

Tangunt tela Virum placidâ jam pace sepulchri
Compositum, & mortis recubantem mollius ûlnis;

Cur trepidas, Ratio? quidnam est Mors ista? nihilne
Præter torpentem concreti sanguinis æstum,
Interclusa animæ spiracula, membra vigore
Orbata, & posita angustæ spatia ultima vitæ?
Fumus ut accenso glomerari visus ab igne
Se sursum rapit, & tenues vanescit in auras;
Ut celerem per inane fugam volitantia carpunt
Nubila, præcipitique abeunt disperdita vento:
Sic Hominum subito pede lubrica labitur ætas;
Vitæ sic vapor emicat, in vacuumque recedit
Aera; sic spatiis instans propioribus ortum
Occasus juxta insequitur, cunâsque sepulchrum.

Quæ Timidi horrorem, quæ vota medetur Avari,
Mors finem adducit, quem non procul abfore cuncti
Novimus: hinc animo fatalia tempora forti
Prospiciens, lethum contemne, nec inscia flecti
Naturæ jura incuses; quin munera vitæ,
Non aliâ data lege, hilaris lætusque reponas.

His Sapiens dictis, secum diversa volutans,

Respon-

And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frighted Reason! what is Death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmost Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that rises from the kindling Fires
Is seen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,
Their fleeting Forms scarce sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our State: so pass our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to dye.

Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
Death only shews Us, what We knew was near,
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn;
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou wast born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wise,

Respondet tandem, dubius metuensque futuri:
 Si mecum evolvam spatium omne, quod usque peregit
 Lapforum fine fine volubilis ordo dierum,
 Ex quo profluit de carcere Tempus, ad horam
 Quâ primùm incepti matris concrefcere in alvo,
 Aut Nîl prorsus eram, aut memet saltem ipse latebam.
 Rurfusne in Nihilum fatorum lege revertar,
 Hâc artus fugiente Animâ: penitusne jacebo
 Perditus, angustâque æternùm condar in urnâ?
 Particulæ, hoc corpus quæ composuere, caducos
 Illapsæ in cineres, nunquamne in prisca coibunt
 Fædera: sed rerum confusâ mole solutæ,
 Incipient membra in diversa aliasque figuras
 Ire, nec agnoscent veteris vestigia formæ?
 An Vox illa, Homini vitæ quæ infundere sensum
 Dignata est, prohibet redivivo accendier igne?
 Nulla semel labentem Animam, Vis nulla catenis
 Eripiet tenebrarum, & carcere noctis opaco?

Oceani in fluctus, quoties redit Hesperus, igne
 Præcipiti pronum video descendere Solem;
 Nec longum, & radiis ædem fimilique vigore

Urget

To such Advice the Reas'ner still replies:
 Yet measuring all the long continu'd Space,
 Ev'ry successive Day's repeated Race,
 Since Time first started from his pristine Goal,
 'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
 Joyn'd to my Body swell'd the Womb; I was,
 (At least I think so) Nothing: must I pass
 Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
 Ceasing, consigns Me o'er to Rest, and Death?
 Must the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
 To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
 And never shall those Particles agree,
 That were in Life this Individual He?
 But sever'd, must They join the general Mass,
 Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to pass;
 Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?
 Does the great Word that gave him Sense, ordain,
 That Life shall never wake that Sense again?
 And will no Pow'r his sinking Spirits save [Grave?
 From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the

Each Evening I behold the setting Sun
 With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
 Yet the same Light (pass but some fleeting Hours)

Exerts

Urget iter solitum, rutilique Insigne diei
 Purpureum referens, illæso ardore refulget.
 Instabiles video ventos sine lege vagari,
 Incertamque agitare fugam, nunc flamine molli
 Leniter aspirant, rapido nunc turbine fervent,
 Perpetuumque tenent, vario licet impete, cursum.
 Fontibus occultis sese erumpentia primum
 Flumina, mox proha immensum glomerantur in æquor:
 Hæc fugiens abit unda, supervenit altera, & amnes
 Fluctibus affiduis lapsuque feruntur eodem:
 Usque novæ funduntur opes, venâque perenni
 Copia inexhaustis sæcunda evolvitur urnis.
 Ergo Hominem premet æternum lex aspera, cui Sol,
 Cui Fluvii, Ventique leves parere recusant?

Ut Flos mane novo decus explicat omne, diei
 Deliciæ fragiles; & primo vespere marcet;
 Nos itidem --- Eois ut concitus Eurus ab oris
 Æquora summa fugâ verrit, tacitoque recumbit
 Littore; ut in stipulis volitans crepitantibus ignis;
 Ut saxum in præceps declivi à monte volutum
 Se rapit; ut sudum jaculata per æthera flamma;

Sic,

Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Powers;
 Starts the bright Race again: His constant Flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the Same:
 I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
 These neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds:
 They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
 Various their Speed, but endless is their Course.
 From the first Fountain and beginning Ouzel,
 Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:
 Tho' fundry Drops or leave, or swell the Stream;
 The Whole still runs, with equal Pace, the Same:
 Still other Waves supply the rising Urns;
 And the eternal Floud no Want of Water mourns.
 Why then must Man obey the sad Decree,
 Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn arise,
 And flourishing the Day, at Evening dyes;
 A Winged Eastern Blast, just skimming o'er
 The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore;
 A Fire, whose Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
 A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky;
 A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
 A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;

Sic, sic Vita fugit: quin bullula rupta brevisque
 Fabula, & umbra levis ventosaeque somnia velox
 Aetatis referunt iter:— Hei mihi, ficcine Vita
 Tranfit, & æternum Mors sese extendet in ævum?

Se certè angustis nimium hæc Sententia claudit
 Finibus: aut unde humanæ est illa infinita menti
 Spes, unde ille Timor, forsne altera & altera sedes
 Præmiaque & pænæ, luctusque & gaudia restent?
 Reliquiæne Hominis redivivæ vincula somni
 Excutiant? letho pateat nova Janua vitæ?
 Cum Sponsi lacrymosa oculos compresferit Uxor,
 Fæmineo funus gemitu planctuque secuta;
 Num dormit, paulum affueto fugiente vigore,
 At letho haud penitus devictum, exsanguis Cadaver:
 Dumque artus, vitæ jam functos munere, carpet
 Ignis edax, vermesve, aut tempora lenta; vigebit
 Usque eadem vivax Anima, & data gaudia læto
 Gustabit sensu, horrescetque affecta dolore?
 Illane, si pulchrè se gesserit, inscia labis,
 Dum socium amplecti dignata est corpus amico
 Fædere, fulgentem ad patriam sedesque beatas,
 Regnaque perpetuâ surget ridentia pace?
 Nosq; Hominem extinctum lacrymis dum flemus ineptis,
 Cæli-

A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream
 Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
 Our Earthly Course: But, O my Soul! so fast
 Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, fure, is too confin'd:
 Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind!
 Does Something still, and Somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?
 Say: shall our Relicks second Birth receive?
 Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
 When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
 And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
 Lyes the pale Corps nor yet entirely Dead,
 The Spirit only from the Body fled,
 The groffer Part of Heat and Motion void,
 To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd;
 The Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,
 Conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
 And if Her Acts have been directed well,
 While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
 Shall She with Safety reach her priftine Seat,
 Find her Rest endless, and her Bliss compleat:
 And while the buried Man We idly mourn;

H

Do

Cælicolæ læti excipiunt, plauduntque reverso?
 Sin sese scelerum maculis & crimine multo
 Polluerit, superisne tremens depellitur oris
 Perpetuam in noctem, loca tetra; ibi cogitur ævum
 Immortale pati, æternos sentire dolores?

Nos adeo, angusto trepidantes limite terræ,
 Fluctibus oppositis geminum circumfluit æquor:
 Flectimus hinc atque inde oculos; dolor opprimit inde,
 Imminet hinc timor: & vario dum volvitur æstu
 Præcipites, flemusque peracta, futura timemus,
 Præsens sollicito disperditur hora tumultu.

Pectore fic varias inter fluitante procellas,
 Dum Spes ægra cadit, Ratioque incerta vacillat;
 En (iterum dixi) quid Vis illa impigra, quæram,
 Quid trepidans agilisque, Animam quem dicimus, Ignis?
 Quo more exercet sese? quæis clauditur oris?
 Nosne illam imperio premimus, frænisque tenemus?
 Unde ideo hæc nostram rumpunt Incommoda pacem?
 Usque sequi pacem contendimus, usque dolorem
 Aufugere: utrinque heu! studio exercemur inani:

Dum;

Do Angels joy to see His better Half return?
 But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
 With murd'rous Rapine, and seditious Strife;
 Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n
 From the Ætherial Seat, and blisful Heav'n,
 In everlasting Darkness must She lye,
 Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One small Point of Land
 Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We stand:
 On either Side our Thoughts incessant turn:
 Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.
 Losing the Present in this dubious Haft;
 And lost Our selves betwixt the Future, and the Past.

These cruel Doubts contending in my Breast,
 My Reason staggring, and my Hopes oppress'd,
 Once more I said: once more I will enquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
 This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
 How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
 Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We please?
 Whence then those Evils, that obstruct our Ease?
 We Happiness pursue; We fly from Pain;
 Yet the Pursuit, and yet the Flight is vain: And,

Dumque diem Natura velit traducere molles
 Inter delicias, & noctem fallere fomno;
 Fortior interea opponens mala certa Potestas
 Arbitrium eludit fragile, arrectamque premit spem;
 Omniaque ostendit, nobis licet usque videntur
 Libera, præscriptâ fatorum lege teneri.

Illa igitur menti humanæ dominata Potestas,
 Num gemitus audit miseros, precibusque movetur?
 Num votis venerata piis & thuris honore,
 Avertet curas, decretaque jura resolvet?
 Fortior addat opem Pietas Ratione labanti,
 Thureaque invalidas compensent munera vires:
 Et doceant taciti veneranda silentia templi,
 Garrula quod nequeunt Sapientum rostra, dolores
 Quo pacto licet aut fugere, aut superare ferendo.

Quid nostra in melius poterit convertere fata?
 Ut palans tenebris fortisque incerta futuræ
 Anxia mens trepidat, Nihil inter & Infinitum
 Dum pendens diversa fluit, densâque laborat
 Ambage implicita, & dubiis conceptibus impar!
 Solum Hoc scire datur, luctus subsidere, spemque
 Surgere, quo faveat magis Indulgentia Coeli.

Hæc

And, while poor Nature labors to be blest,
 By Day with Pleasure, and by Night with Rest;
 Some stronger Pow'r eludes our fickle Will;
 Dashes our rising Hopes with certain Ill;
 And makes Us with reflective Trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our Mind,
 Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd?
 Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows ease?
 And can our Tears reverse His firm Decrees?
 Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails:
 Throw Loads of Incense in to turn the Scales;
 And let the silent Sanctuary show,
 What from the babling Schools We may not know,
 How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd Part of Woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate?
 Anxious We hover in a mediate State,
 Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
 Or boundless Terms, whose doubtful Sense confounds
 Unequal Thought; whilst All We apprehend,
 Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorrows end;
 As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

Hæc ubi fatus eram, solennia ferre jubebam
 Dona Sacerdotem, & sacris se accingere votis.
 Jamque ascendebant centum ad delubra Juvenci,
 Lecti omnes, roseis evincti tempora fertis:
 Rite chorum Juvenes ineunt, arguta periti
 Tangere fila lyræ, calamosque inflare canoros:
 Pone Puellarum nitidus subit ordo, feritque
 Tympana, & exercet choreas: quas deinde secuti
 Excipiunt orti venerandâ stirpe *Levitæ*,
 Carminaque alterno recitant solennia cantu:
 Per templi spatia ampla incesſu pompa verendo
 Ingreditur: claudit sacrum Rex anxius agmen.

Finierant cæleſte melos; cum debita solvens
 Vota, & poplitibus venerans altaria flexis,
 Sic Ego: Magne Pater, qui terram & ſydera torques;
 Quo mandante ingens tenebris ſeſe extulit Orbis;
 Cujus diffuſas vires curamque paternam,
 Omnia quæ ſpirant, quæ ſunt ubicunque locorum,
 Quotidie agnoſcunt; ſubitam ſenſura ruinam,
 Te vires revocante tuas! Rex maxime Regum,
 Omnia qui nôſti, quique omnia numine comples,
 Te ſupplex precor: ô magni miſerere doloris!

Qui

I said; --- and instant bad the Priests prepare
 The ritual Sacrifice, and solemn Pray'r.
 Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
 A hundred Bulls ascend the Sacred Way.
 The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
 They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal Wire.
 The Maids in comely Order next advance;
 They beat the Tymbrel, and instruct the Dance.
 Follows the chosen Tribe from LEVI sprung,
 Chanting by just Return the holy Song;
 Along the Choir in Solemn State they past:
 ----- The Anxious King came last.

The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
 I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,
 Father of Heav'n! I said, and Judge of Earth!
 Whose Word call'd out this Universe to Birth;
 By whose kind Pow'r and influencing Care
 The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
 But, ceasing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
 They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
 Omni-scient Master, Omni-present King,
 To Thee, to Thee, my last Distress I bring.

Thou,

Qui potes infanos pelagi sedare tumultus,
 Luctantesque notos frænis nimbosque feroces
 Comprimere: ô animam hanc laceram defende procellis,
 Quas miscent rapidi Affectus & iniqua Libido:
 Nec gravis obruat Ira, altisve Superbia saxis
 Illidat. Vestrum sed opus vaga Cymbula vestri
 Sentiat auxilii munus: vitæque per æstus
 Incertos, variasque vices, cælestia cursum
 Ducant auspicia, & tuto me in littore fistant.

Si, levis hos fragiles animet dum spiritus artus,
 Pertæfos vitæ, mortisque horrore trementes;
 Si forte annueris, saltem ut breviuscula pacis
 Attingam dona, & luctu cessante quiescam;
 Nunc ô, Magne Pater, jam nunc deterge doloris
 Ingratam hanc nubem, quâ mens onerata laborat;
 O blandum diffunde jubar, tenebrisque fugatis
 Pande oculis meliora; hinc Te modulamine multo,
 Te citharâ celebrabo; hinc lingua animata recenti
 Lætitiâ, effuso referet tua munera cantu.
 Sin placet, his curis functo, ut nova vita superfit,
 Expectentque aliæ sedes, da firma dolori
 Pectora ut opponam, superemque adversa ferendo.

Thou, that can'st Still the Raging of the Seas,
 Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempests cease;
 Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging Gusts
 Of cruel Passions, and deceitful Lufts;
 From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride:
 Let Thy strong Hand this little Vessel guide
 (It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
 Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
 Direct my Course, and bring me safe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting Breath,
 Not satisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
 It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I should know
 Glimpse of Delight, or Pause from anxious Woe;
 From *Now*, from instant *Now*, great Sire, dispell
 The Clouds that press my Soul; from *Now* reveal
 A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inspire
 My Tongue to sing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
 My open'd Thought to joyous Prospects raise;
 And, for Thy Mercy, let me sing Thy Praise.
 Or, if Thy Will ordains, I still shall wait
 Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
 Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
 And raise my Mind superior to my Care.

Arcanaſque vias quanquam explorare negabis
 Interius, penitusque aditus invifere ſacros;
 Da tamen, ut fervens pietate, humilique dolores
 Spe minuens, ſupplex venerabile numen adorem:
 Imperio cedam Omnipotenti, & laudibus æquis
 Juſtitiae meritos ſolvam tibi gratus honores.

Vix ea finieram: cœlo nox ingruit atra;
 Intonat; ingenti nutant delubra fragore;
 Alta quies ſubit, & tacitæ caliginis horror
 Inſinuat ſacrum interius per corda pavorem.
 Nec mora; ſe erumpit multo fulgore coruſcans
 Clara Dies; ultro conceptis ignibus ardent
 Robora, & involvunt ſubitis altaria flammis.
 Dives, opimus odor (qualem neque balfama ſpirant
 Thuriferis *Arabum* terris, neque blanda *Sabææ*
 Labra roſæ) latè diffunditur aera circum;
 Irriguumque ſolum cœleſti rore madefcit.
 Quin melos ætherium (quod fruſtra æquare canendo
Feſſides certet, *Miriæ* vel tympana) miris
 Pertentat numeris trepidantes ſuaviter aures,
 Et ferit attonitos nimia dulcedine ſenſus.
 En! oculos quæ Forma rapit? Quæ tanta repente
 Lux animam invadit? cœlo delapſus aperto

En

Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
 The secret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
 With humble Zeal confess Thy awful Pow'r;
 Still weeping Hope, and won'dring still Adore.
 So in my Conquest be Thy Might declar'd:
 And, for Thy Justice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous Gloom
 Darkens the Air; loud Thunder shakes the Dome:
 To the beginning Miracle succeed
 An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:
 The sacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows ---
Ambrosial Odor, such as never flows
 From ARAB'S Gum, or the SABÆAN Rose,
 Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuse:
 The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
 Celestial Music (such JESSIDES' Lyre,
 Such MIRIAM'S Timbrel would in vain require)
 Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
 With Ecstasy too fine, and Pleasure hard to bear:
 And lo! what fees my ravish'd Eye? what feels
 My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals

En! facer ardenti radiorum indutus amictu
Nuntius accedit; roseoque hæc ore profatur:

Define, Mortalis, jam tandem define finem
Quærere curarum, spatiumque optare dolori.
Spes age pone leves, ventisque remitte: rebelles
Quin potius reprime Affectus, mentemque paratam
Erige; nec vanæ vexent tibi pectora curæ
Obdurata malis, longoque assueta dolori.
Membra gravi fractus senio assiduoque labore,
Pronus in occasum verges trepidantibus annis:
Et moriens varios (legatum heu triste!) tumultus,
Sollicito generi, litesque & bella relinques
Aspera, ad extremos olim mittenda nepotes.
Quisque suos luctus misero patrimonia nato
Debita concedet Pater, infelicior hæres
Quæ capiet cumulata, & adhuc cumulanda relinquet.

Offa simul tumulo dederis tua; Spes tibi sola
Quæ superest, Natus, jam vix diademate cinctus
Judæo, imperii stimulante libidine sacrâ
(Heu quam prona animos dominantum inflare libido!)
Sancta Patris spernet monita, & præstantius armis
Præsidium, populi demens contemnet amorem,

Suaden-

An Heav'nly Form embody'd, and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel said:

Cease, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
Suppress thy Passions; and prepare thy Mind.
Free and familiar with Misfortune grow:
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decrease; and hasten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Successive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whose Success thy Hope is bound,
E'er thou art scarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
To Lust of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd
(That curst Poyson to the Prince's Mind!)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And lose his great Defence, his People's Love.

Suadente heu! Juvenum turbâ: mox victus atroci
 Terga dabit genti, nomenque insigne *Jacobi*
 Deteret; imperium opprobrio turpabit iniquo,
 Et nubem famæ patrioque obducet honori.
 Quin ferta indecori penitus delapsa videbit
 Vertice, quæ magno meruit sudore recepta
 Acer Avus, multoque ardens è pulvere duxit.
 Civiles nec Marte potens sedare tumultus,
 Nec prece, victores pariter victosque pavebit,
 Utrinque attonitus; solos neque degener hostes
 Horrescet; *Judæ* simul arma incerta timebit:
 Occumbens tandem fato languentia sternet
 Corpora *Jordani* ad fluctus, lugubre tumentes
 Cognatorum armis, & fratrum sanguine rubros.

Annorum hinc lentè procedet flebilis Ordo,
 Diris horrentum tenebris luctuque nigrantum
 Perpetuo; lacrymosa onerabunt tempora longæ
 Bellorum series & multa doloris Imago.
 Quinetiam in geminas diviso flumine partes
 Diffluet Imperium: laxos age funde dolori
 Toto corde sinus; sævis Gens barbara ludet
 Opprobriis; dejecta gravi *Judæa* pudore
 Victa jacebit humi, solis spectanda ruinis.

Altera

Ill Counsell'd, Vanquish'd, Fugitive, Disgrac'd,
 Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB'S Strength effac'd;
 Shall sigh the King diminish'd, and the Crown
 With lessen'd Rays descending to his Son.
 Shall see the Wreaths, His Granfire knew to reap
 By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
 Pining incline their sickly Leaves, and shed
 Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.
 By Arms, or Pray'r unable to allwage
 Domestic Horror, and intestine Rage,
 Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquish'd fear,
 From ISRAEL'S Arrow, and from JUDAH'S Spear:
 Shall cast his weary'd Limbs on JORDAN'S Floud,
 By Brother's Arms disturb'd, and stain'd with Kindred-
 [Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years shall weep their destin'd Race
 Charg'd with ill Omens, fully'd with Disgrace:
 Time by Necessity compell'd shall go
 Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
 The Empire lessen'd in a parted Stream,
 Shall lose its Course ----
 Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme:
 JUDAH shall fall, oppress'd by Grief and Shame;
 And Men shall from her Ruins know her Fame.

Altera adhuc supereſt viſenda *Aegyptia* Tellus,
 Altera vinc'la manent; uret graviore flagello
 Aſperior Dominus: paſſura atrocius olim
 Mæſta jugum ſoboles patriis decedet ab oris,
 Opprobrioque gemens majore, *Euphratis* ad undam
Niliacos iterum renovabit perdita luctus.

Sublimes templorum apices, qui cuspide tangunt
 Sydera, venturi confuſâ clade Nepotes
 Diſiectos latè aſpicient; mæſtique ſtupebunt
 Immane excidium & vaſtæ veſtigia molis.
 Illa etiam Imperii venerabilis altaque Sedes,
 Quâ vos fulſuros fera uſque ad ſæcula natos
 Creditis, hinc longè hoſtiles ducetur in oras,
 Viſtorisque ſuperbi ornabit capta triumphos.
 Quin ſacras dextra effrænis populabitur aras,
 Et vaſa ipſa DEO templisque dicata Tyrannus
 Efferus indecori violabit ſquallida vino;
 Sacrilegoſque ſales inter luſuſque profanos
 Exultans, vetito ſe proluet impius auro.

Sæc'la quaterdena aſſiduo revolubile curſu
 Tempus aget; varias fato verſante ſubibunt
 Regna vices; alios dum Gens infaſta dolores

Volvit

New ÆGYPTS yet, and second Bonds remain,
 A harsher PHARAOH, and a heavier Chain:
 Again obedient to a dire Command,
 Thy Captive Sons shall leave the promis'd Land:
 Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
 Shall, on EUPHRATES' Bank, renew the Grief of NILE.

These pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky,
 Inglorious Change! shall in Destruction lye
 Low, levell'd with the Dust; their Heights unknown,
 Or measur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
 For lasting Glory built, design'd the Seat
 Of Kings for ever blest, for ever great,
 Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
 Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
 The Tyrant shall demand yon' sacred Load
 Of Gold and Vessels set a-part to GOD;
 Then by vile Hands to common Use debas'd,
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken Feast,
 With sacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jest.

Twice fourteen Ages shall their Way complete:
 Empires by various Turns shall rise and set;
 While Thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know

Volvēt adhuc, aliasque geret lacerata catenās;
 Demissisque oculis & mæsto languida vultu
 Lapſa gemet recolens, & adhuc ventura timebit.

Hostili *Judea* ſolo, *Babylonis* ad undas,
 Languescens luctu, lacrymisque immerſa ſedebit;
 Plectraque vicinis pendebunt muta ſalictis.
 Nec jam molle melos tentabit lingua; choreas
 Nec poterunt agiles membra exercere, labori
 Membra diu affueta, & tacitæ ſtudioſa quietis.
 Lucenti undarum in ſpeculo nimiumque fideli
 Sponſa reperiſſos formidans ſquallida vultus
 Horreſcet: conjux languentis in ore maritæ
 Proſpiciet ſobolis maciem luctusque futuræ;
 Aſperaque, amplexus vexantia, vinc'la queretur.
 Lugebunt neglecta diu ſolennia Sacra
 Turba Sacerdotum, percuffi triſtia palmis
 Pectora; feſtorumque oblivia longa dierum
 Plorantes, ſolvent lugubribus ora querelis.
 Quin lacrymas, gemino quaſi fonte, effundere poſſe
 Solliciti optabunt Vates, fletusque ciere
 Perpetuos; noctis ſuper alta ſilentia fauces
 Horreſcent barathrorum atraſque procellas;
 Et ſubito excuſſis flammarum turbine ſomnis,

Atto-

A diff'rent Master, and a Change of Woe:
 With down-cast Eye-lids, and with Looks a-ghast,
 Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Past.

Afflicted ISRAEL shall sit weeping down
 Fast by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run;
 Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
 Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
 Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to Rest.
 In the reflective Stream the fighting-Bride,
 Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her pensive Head; and in her languid Face
 The Bridegroom shall fore-see his sickly Race:
 While pond'rous Fetters vex their close Embrace.
 With irksome Anguish then your Priests shall mourn
 Their long-neglected Feasts despair'd Return,
 And sad Oblivion of their solemn Days:
 Thenceforth their Voices They shall only raise,
 Louder to weep. By Day your frightened Seers
 Shall call for Fountains to express their Tears;
 And wish their Eyes were Flouds: by Night from
 Dreams

Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,

Attoniti referent trepidanti mane popello
Myſtica ſigna dolorum, & atroces Numinis iras.

Interea miſeranda Cohors, poſcente Tyranno
Festivos citharæ numeros & amabile carmen,
Uſque adeo (referent) proles captiva *Jacobi*
Gaudebit? dudum filuerunt pendula plectra,
Ora melos filuere oblita! Ut carmina Regi
Hoſtili, patriâque procul tellure, canemus?
Noſne jugo oppreſſos graviori, flagra timentes
Aſpera; & ad nutum ſævi trepidare magiſtri
Aſſuetos, humilesque trementia flectere genua;
Nos, fordes hominum, noſne efferet alma voluptas;
Languentefve animos dulcis tentabit Imago?
Heu longæ tandem poſt tædia tarda diei
Cum nox lenta venit; votorum hoc ſumma, labores
Exuere ingratos paulum, feſſiſque ſoporem
Indulgere brevem trepida inter ſomnia membris,
Donec atrox redeat redeunti ſole Tyrannus.
Luſtibus aſſueti meditemur gaudia? luſtus
Perpetuos renovare jubet Natura; videtur
Hoc nobis Rationis opus. Nonne improba primum
Stultitiæ vano manavit fonte Voluptas?

Certè

Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Mystic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require,
That They should breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall say: can JACOB'S fervile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Music, and difus'd the Voice?
What can We play (They shall discourse) how sing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-cast of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toyl'd the longsome Day;
The fullest Bliss our Hearts aspire to know,
Is but some Interval from active Woe;
In broken Rest, and startling Sleep to mourn,
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.
Bred up in Grief, can Pleasure be our Theme?
Our endless Anguish does not Nature claim?
Reason, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleasure's Sire:

Mad-

Certè immaturo præceps Infania partu
Protulit effrænesque jocos risusque profanos.

Hæc Series curarum, hic fati flebilis Ordo
Teque Tuosque manet; titulis Insignis, & idem,
O *Solomon*, Miser ante alios! quin parce querelis,
Nec leges metire Dei Rationis ocello;
Ah distat nimium nimiumque effulget Imago!
Ille nihil finet intactum, nil linquet inausum,
Fatorum qui cæca resolvere jura laborat.
Mitte adeo scrutari, animum compesce superbum!
Nempe DEO Pulvis Rationem opponet ineptam!
Sublimi DEUS arbitrio regit omnia; vestrum est
Cuncta pati, vitæque datos evolvere cursus.
Crede nefas, quodcunque DEI inviolabile tendit
Imperium contra; Virtuti Ea consona sola,
Quæ magni arbitrio respondent æqua JEHOVÆ.

Ne tamen immodico vincantur pondere sensus,
Neu penitus spes fracta cadat; solatia luctûs
Accipe, quæ spondet vobis, Qui fallere nescit,
Nec falli potis est. — Veniet labentibus annis
Grata Dies, cum Terra malis *Judæa* fugatis
Lætior, hostiles solvet secura catenas:

Attol-

Madness, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know,
Illustrious Wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reason's Eye;
Too bright the Object is: the Distance is too high.
The Man who would resolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Sense;
Nor let Dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who must dispose, and Man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy Sum of Life must His Decrees fulfill;
What derogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senses may not droop,
Lost to Delight, and destitute of Hope;
Remark what I, GOD's Messenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn;
Shall from her sad Captivity return:

SION

Attollens capita alta indigno è pulvere *Sion*
 Audiet antiquas veneranda per atria leges :
 Templâ iterum aeriâ ferientia cuspide nubes
 Fulgebunt splendore novo; Sedesque verendi
 Promissa Imperii montes super ardua surget
 Vertice sublimi, & latis dominabitur arvis.
 Quin Tibi præclarâ de stirpe orietur, amicum
 Auxilium terris cælo laturus ab alto,
 Victorum insignis *Victor*, Regumque potens *Rex*.
 ILLI Hominum curas emolliet: ILLI dolores
 Affectusque animi effrænes moderabitur: ILLI
 Auspice ridebit Pax alma, & flumine pleno
 Gaudia manabunt lætum diffusa per orbem.
 Hoc Tibi scire satis: Superis nec panditur ultrâ.

Quin age jam *Solomon*, reliquæ ad stadia ultima vitæ
 Perge memor vestri, patrii neque degener hæres
 Nominis; i constans, firma erige pectora, fortis,
 Strenuus; Affectus cohibe, Virtutibus omnes
 Pande finus, Tibi Censor atrox, aliisque benignus;
 Supra alios tantum evectus pietatis honore,
 Quantum opibus titulisque nites. En arripe tecum
 Hoc breve præceptum, & memori sub pectore serva:
 Te Justum atq; Humilem præsta. -- Quæ deinde locutus
 Nun-

SION shall raise her long-dejected Head;
 And in her Courts the Law again be read.
 Again the glorious Temple shall arise,
 And with new Lustre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.
 The promis'd Seat of Empire shall again
 Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain;
 And from Thy Race distinguish'd, ONE shall spring,
 Greater in Act than Victor, more than King
 In Dignity and Pow'r, sent down from Heav'n,
 To succour Earth. To HIM, to HIM 'tis giv'n,
 Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy.
 Thro' HIM soft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
 Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow.
 No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, SOLOMON, remembering Who thou art,
 Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
 Go forth: Be strong: With Patience, and with Care
 Perform, and Suffer: To Thy self severe,
 Gracious to Others, Thy Desires suppress'd,
 Diffus'd Thy Virtues, First of Men, be Best.
 Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
 O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
 Be Humble, and be Just. The Angel said:

L

With

Nuntius, in coelum reduci se sustulit alâ.
 Pronus Ego in terrâ, variique impulsibus actus,
 Huc illuc varias volvens sub pectore curas
 Sollicitus, tandem mæstos ad lydera vultus
 Tollebam supplex, humilique hæc voce precabar :

O Rex Omnipotens, Pater optime, Confilii Fons!
 O solus Qui cuncta creas, nutuque creata
 Dirigis, ardenti lucis quâ cinctus amictu
 Arce sedes rutilâ; Cujus sacra ora tueri
 Non Homini datur! O Terris Cœloque supremæ
 Tu Mihi, quodcunq; est Nostri, Tu vitam animamque
 Concilias: Tu flecte manu quacunque potenti
 Vestrum Opus! O monitus tandem meliora, fidelis
 Permaneam, magnique sequar mandata Parentis!

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With upward Speed His agil Wings He spread;
 Whilst on the holy Ground I prostrate lay,
 By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:

Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!
 Sole Author, Sole Disposer of our Fate!
 Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
 Whom no Man fully sees, and none can see!
 Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
 Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
 Benign Creator, let Thy plastic Hand
 Dispose it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
 Restore, Great Father, Thy Instructed Son;
 And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.

And in My Act may Thy Great Will be done.
Hence, Great Father, Thy Instructed Son;
Dispose it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
Benign Creator, let Thy Will be done.

Since that I live, and that I think, is Thine;
Original of Beings! Power Divine!
Whom no Man fully sees, and none can feel;
Enriched in Light, and immortality,
Sole Author, Sole Disposer of our Fate!
Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!

Heavy-ward erect) determined, thus I look;
Or to object, at length (my mortal I look
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Whilst on the holy Ground I prostrate lay,
With upward Speed His eagle Wings He spread;

